CÆLIA:

OR,

The *PERJUR'D LOVER.*

A

PLAY.

[Price One Shilling and Six Pence.]

A

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OR, THE

PERJUR'D LOVER.

A

PLAY.

As it is Acted at the THEATRE-ROYAL in DRURY-LANE,

By His MAJESTY's Servants.

by Charles Johnson

——Tragicus plerumque dolet sermone pedestri. Hor.

LONDON:
Printed for J. WATTS at the Printing-Office in *Wild-Court* near *Lincoln's-Inn Fields.*

MDCCXXXIII. [Price 1 *s.* and 6 *d.*]

ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE

READER.

I Had the Mortification to ſee this Play acted the firſt Night, and to hear the Characters of Mother *Lupine* and her Women diſapprov'd by ſeveral of the Audience, who, as if they thought themſelves in bad Company, were very ſevere. However neceſſary it was to ſhew the Manners of theſe People, in order to raiſe the Diſtreſs of *Cælia*, and to heighten her Character, and whatever Care I took, that nothing indecent ſhou'd be ſaid, I muſt confeſs it was an Error to let 'em appear at all— I ſhou'd not have made 'em neceſſary to my Deſign. I had the Pleaſure, however, to hear the ſerious Scenes applauded, and to ſee ſome of thoſe very Spectators, who were offended at the lower Characters, join with *Cælia* in her Tears.

When

When I communicated this Play to Mr. *Booth*, he advis'd me, very justly, to alter my Plan with relation to the Comic Characters, and to wait till another Season; but the natural Impatience and Vanity of an Author prevail'd, and I persuaded him to bring it on the Stage as it is----- I think every one will allow I have acted with Judgment, in concealing my Name; yet I beg leave to say, a Moral of this kind, and which has not, in my Memory, been set in so full a Light by the Dramatic Writers, might have been of Use and Instruction. How many Families have suffer'd irreparable Injuries of this sort? yet it is look'd on by many as a *fashionable Amusement*, rather than the *highest Injustice*: *Quæ olim Vitia fuerunt, mores sunt*, says *Seneca*.

If these Scenes shall have any Effect on the Morals of our Youth, and prove a Caution to the Young and Innocent of the Fair Sex, I shall think my self well rewarded.

PRO-

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. *THEOPH. CIBBER.*

IT ought to be the Buſineſs of the Stage,
At once t' inſtruct, and to delight the Age;
At Both our Author aims; yet, tho' unknown,
He fears to ſtand the Judgment of the Town:
Therefore his Mask is on ——— He hopes to raiſe
No Cenſure, where he can receive no Praiſe.

To-night you'll hear an injur'd Fair complain,
Of broken Vows, and the Deceiver, Man:
Behold her ſink beneath a Lover's Scorn,
And violated Truth and Beauty mourn.
If, in the Conduct of theſe Scenes, you find
Some Characters in lower Life deſign'd;
Poets, like Painters, Light oppoſe to Shade,
Or all their Colours languid prove, and dead.

He wou'd his humble Sentiments impart,
In Words that flow directly from the Heart;
To lofty Numbers he has no Pretence,
Who makes his Characters talk common Senſe:
And yet, as no big Fuſtian rends the Air,
He creeps not on the Ground with ſervile Care.
He would not flat and ſpiritleſs be found,
Nor with falſe Met'phor ſwell th' unmeaning Sound.

While,

PROLOGUE.

While, in this Tale, like true Knight-errant Don,
He attacks one vicious Folly of the Town,
He knows the Wags will laugh, and call him, dull,
Unfashionable, Windmill-fighting Fool!
From These, to that Bright Circle *he appeals,*
Where heavenly Beauty with fair Candour dwells;
There only trusts the Merit of his Cause;
Ye Fair, he only wishes your Applause.
Then, since your sturdy Champion he appears,
Encourage and reward him with your Tears.

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

Written by *HENRY FIELDING*, Esq;

And Spoken by Miss RAFTOR.

LUD! what a Fuss is here! what Blood and Slaughter!
Because poor Miss has prov'd her Mother's Daughter.
This unknown Bard is some insipid Beast,
From Cornwall, *or* Northumberland *at least;*
Where if a Virgin chance to step aside,
And taste forbidden Sweetmeats of a Bride,
The virtuous Ladies, like Infection, fly her,
And not one marrying Booby will come nigh her;
But here, 'mongst us so famous for Good-nature,
Who thinks a Cuckold quite a Fellow-Creature:
Where Miss may take great Liberties upon her,
And have her Man, and yet may keep her Honour:
Here does the Wretch his stupid Muse invoke,
And turn to solemn Tragedy——— A Joke!
Had some Town-Bard this Subject undertaken,
He wou'd have match'd, not kill'd, the Nymph forsaken.
Wronglove, *as now, had the first Favour carried,*
And Bellamy *been, what he is fit for, married.*
What else are all your Comic Heroes fam'd for,
Than such Exploits as Wronglove *has been blam'd for?*
The Girl was in the Fault, who strove to smother
That Case she shou'd have open'd to her Mother;
All had been hush'd by the old Lady's Skill,
And Cælia *prov'd a good Town-Virgin still;*
For as each Man is brave, till put to rout,
So is each Woman virtuous, till found out:
Which, Ladies, here I make my hearty Prayer,
May never be the Case of any Fair,
Who takes unhappy Cælia *to her Care.*

December 8, 1732.

This Day is Publish'd,

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DRA-

Dramatis Personæ.

MEN.

Lovemore, *Father to* Cælia,	Mr. *Bridgewater.*
Wronglove,	Mr. *William Mills.*
Bellamy,	Mr. *Hallam.*
Meanwell, *Steward to* Lovemore,	Mr. *Mills.*
A Gentleman,	Mr. *Berry.*
Keeper *of the Prison*,	Mr. *Oates.*
Constable,	Mr. *Harper.*
Bounce,	Mr. *Jones.*
A Porter,	Mr. *Mullart.*
Wronglove's Servant,	Mr. *E. Roberts.*

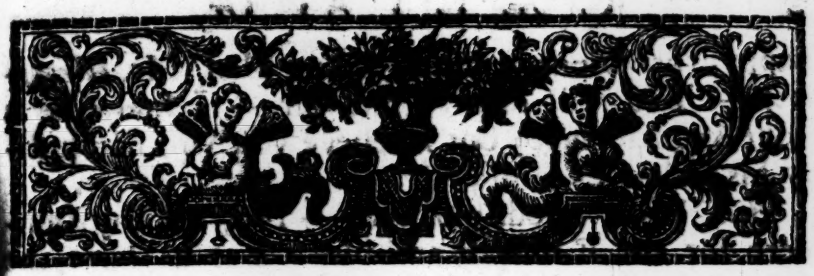
WOMEN.

Cælia,	Mrs. *Cibber.*
Mrs. Lupine,	Mrs. *Charke.*
Flippant, (*Lupine*'s Women,)	Mrs. *Walter.*
Wag, (*Lupine*'s Women,)	Mrs. *Shirebourn.*
Dizen, (*Lupine*'s Women,)	Mrs. *Williams.*
Teazer, (*Lupine*'s Women,)	Miss *Mears.*
Cicely, *Lupine*'s Maid,	Mrs. *Mann.*
Keeper's Wife,	Mrs. *Grace.*

Watchmen, &c.

SCENE, *LONDON.*

CÆLIA



CÆLIA:

OR,

The *PERJUR'D LOVER.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *The Temple.*

Enter Bellamy, *follow'd by* Meanwell, *in Mourning.*

MEANWELL.

SIR, Sir,— Mr. *Bellamy!*

Bell. Oh—Master *Meanwell!* I rejoice to see thee.

Mean. Sir, I beg pardon for the Liberty I have taken: but when you know the Occasion, I believe——

Bell. I shall be glad to serve thee, my old Friend: How does thy Master, Mr. *Lovemore?* I am almost afraid to ask— Is his Daughter *Cælia* return'd yet? Is that Matter made up?

Mean. Alas, Sir, we have never seen her Face since she first went from *Clareville*, with that un-

happy, that wicked, unjuſt, young Man, Mr. *Wronglove*— You will forgive me, Sir— I know he is your Acquaintance; but I believe you will not juſtify his Crimes.

Bell. Poor, good, old Man— No, no, thy Concern for the Family is amiable— Let us have the Story on your Side; I have heard it yet, but partially from *Wronglove*'s Mouth; and I muſt tell you, I do by no means approve his Conduct in this Affair.

Mean. Seven Months are paſt ſince this Mr. *Wronglove* return'd from *Italy*, where my young Maſter, *Cælia*'s Brother, dy'd— They were inſeparable Companions— Mr. *Wronglove* had the care of his Affairs, and brought his Papers to *Clareville*, where he was look'd upon by my Maſter, as his Son's dearest Friend— therefore he wiſh'd him well, and receiv'd, and entertain'd him; as you know he does all Friends— with an open Heart.

Bell. Go on——

Mean. Cælia, my Maſter's Daughter, was a young Lady (tho' I ſay it) who might have vied in Wit and Beauty, and every vertuous Accompliſhment, with any Courtier of 'em all— Sir, Mr. *Bellamy*, you have ſeen her; I have heard you were her Admirer once.

Bell. Meanwell, I feel her now; thou haſt reviv'd a Flame, I thought, was long extinguiſh'd: She had all the Advantages of Art and Nature; ſhe was knowing without Affectation; and beautiful without Vanity: Her Underſtanding was pure as her Reputation: there was a modeſt Simplicity in her Manners, that might have aw'd the moſt audacious; and a Harmony of Features, that might have warm'd the coldeſt Heart.

Mean. Cælia's Behaviour to this Mr. *Wronglove*, her Brother's Friend, and Father's Gueſt, was, at firſt,

first, such only as became her Education and her Manners: What Witchcraft this dishonest young Man had in his Talk, how wickedly, how inhospitably, he improv'd his Opportunities: how he betray'd her; the deplorable Misfortune, the Infamy he hath brought on the Family, can better tell you, than any Words that I can utter.

Bell. How long is it since *Wronglove* stole her from her Father's House?— Since she disappear'd?

Mean. This very Day, two Months: I remember it was on Monday-morning— I met them together very early, driving thro' our Park in Mr. *Wronglove*'s Chaise; they were going, they said, to *Woodland-Fair*, a Market-Town, about ten Miles from *Clareville*; and from that Hour we never saw them more— But don't you think, Mr. *Bellamy*, that he will marry her?

Bell. Marry! who?

Mean. *Cælia*, my young Mistress.

Bell. Ah! no, you may take my Word for it, that never came into his Head. Our grave Neighbours, the *Dutch*, indeed, oblige their Lovers, when the Women breed, to marry them; but our Libertines have no such Laws, to restrain them.

Mean. Breed! did you say?— I hope——

Bell. Your good Master, Mr. *Lovemore*, (my old Friend) will certainly be a Grandfather in three Months, if *Wronglove*'s Reckoning may have any Authority: He has complain'd to me that this Affair grows troublesome to him on that account.

Mean. Unhappy Lady!— But he must marry her; common Honesty will oblige him to it, if he wou'd not be thought the most dishonourable Man that ever breath'd; without Gratitude, Affection, Truth, or any Tie of Nature and Humanity.

Bell. I will tell thee, honest *Meanwell*: there is not one thing above Ground so void of any sense of

Shame, or Vertue, as a young Whore-maſter— but one Paſſion governs— I know not how it comes to be ſo, but this Practice of ruining young innocent Girls, is look'd on only as a Piece of Galantry— as part of a Gentleman's Accompliſhment— I think as thou doſt— 'tis baſe and unjuſt— It muſt be ſo, as the Injury is great and irreparable!— But how does thy good Lady, *Cælia*'s Mother? How did ſhe bear this Misfortune?

Mean. Even as ſhe ought: She griev'd, ſhe pined, ſhe dy'd— Alas! when ſhe found all the precious Coſt, and Care, and Labour in the Education of an only Child, on whom ſhe had plac'd her beſt and deareſt Affections, were loſt; for ever gone with her— and in their room, Diſhonour, Shame, and Ruin; nothing could comfort her— She ſtrove, indeed, and my good Maſter ſtrove, to ſtifle and conceal their Sorrows in each others Preſence, not to add to their mutual Griefs, but in vain— Laſt week ſhe dy'd— On Sunday we laid her in the Vault at *Clareville* Chapel— My dear Maſter will (I fear) ſoon take his Place by her ſide.

Bell. Thy Tale grows melancholy— I feel it— I wiſh it were in my Power to help the Family.

Mean. I have brought a Letter for *Cælia* from her Father. Mr. *Wronglove* will not ſee me— I wou'd deliver it with my own Hand.

Bell. He keeps her very private: where, I know not— You muſt bribe his Servant.

Mean. I have offer'd him Money: he refuſes it.

Bell. Let him be dogg'd: you will find his Haunts, and by that means, *Cælia*.

Mean. I thank you, Sir: I will find her if it be poſſible: I have no time to loſe: My old Maſter will be in Town to-night— Perhaps the Sight of her may ſave his Life, or hers, it may be both. [*going.*] But, Sir, I think, you were pleas'd to ſay, you

you wish'd it might be in your Power to help the Family: Will you be so good as to endeavour to bring Mr. *Wronglove* to a sense of——

Bell. I will— be assur'd I will.

Mean. Blessings attend your Goodness.

[*Exit.* Meanwell.

Bellamy *alone.*

This Story lessens very much the Idea I had conceiv'd of *Wronglove*'s Honour: I have lived well with this young Fellow: I have been gay with him at a Tea-table: I have laugh'd with him over a Bottle, and been delighted with the little Memoirs of his Petticoat-Victories: He does well enough in the Chit-chat of a Coffee-house; he will moot a Law-case, or criticise an Author, with some Humour, and a tolerable Judgment— I never before saw him thus near— I know this is look'd on as Galantry only; I know too, very often, these loose Libertines brag of their Infidelity to Women, and of Favours which they never had— But this Action of *Wronglove's*, places him before me, as a dishonest, and an unworthy Man.—I look on him as a Felon of the worst sort. Ha!— does not this Resentment of mine proceed from the Passion I once had for *Cælia?* I always look'd with Envy on him as a successful Rival— and yet I believ'd this Conquest he made of her Vertue, had thrown her quite out of my Heart— Whate'er it be, I will try to make him redeem his own, and her Character: I will shew him to himself, and make him sensible, at least, that this Injury requires immediate Reparation from him, both as a Man of Honour, and a Gentleman. [*Exit.*

SCENE, Wronglove's *Chambers*.

Enter Wronglove *and* Cælia.

Cælia. You never can be falſe—

Wrong. No, never, *Cælia*.

Cælia. No, never leave your poor *Cælia*, who is wholly, only yours.

Wrong. Why doſt thou ſuſpect me?

Cælia. I know not, 'tis a Fault in me, I think; ſurely, I ought not to imagine you can be ſo cruel: But when I fancy your Paſſion for me cools, I am alarm'd; Death is not ſo terrible!— I tremble at the Thought.

Wrong. No, no. [*Yawning*.] Why, you know one can't always be ſo fond. One is not always in the ſame Humour— Methinks, our living thus, conſtantly, together, makes it look ſo like Man and Wife— that, if I did not love thee too well, I ſhou'd think we were married.

Cælia. I know you will (tho' you love to rally on this Subject) perform your Promiſe; you muſt, you will reſtore us both by that honourable Bond; then our Folly will be forgotten, we ſhall appear again in the World— and I hope, be happy—

Wrong. [*Aſide*.] Hum— how this Wench dotes? —Gad I am moſt heartily ſick of the Affair. [*To her*.] My Dear, you throw your ſelf into the Vapours, ſo intolerably, with theſe ugly Reflexions— Hum— *Si Caro, ſi*— [*Humming an Opera Air*.

Cælia. You affect a Gaiety, when your Heart is uneaſy; I know your Temper— But a few Months ſince, when I complain'd thus to you, you met my warmeſt Wiſhes all with Love, and anſwer'd every jealous Sigh with Paſſion; you wiped away my Tears with Kiſſes, confirm'd my Hopes, and ſwore you wou'd be ever, wholly mine: Mine, as my tender Heart cou'd wiſh, by every Bond divine

and

and humane— Have you heard from my Father? You ſaid you wou'd write to him and make ſome Propoſal.

Wrong. Write to him?—— Ay, ay, you don't think I wou'd neglect Buſineſs, *Cælia*— But as I was ſaying, you have got the Vapours to-day, moſt damnably, Child.

Cælia. I am your Child, your Ward, your Care, your Truſt; I have no Father, Mother, Friend, Relation— none but you. You are my Comfort and Support: I reſt alone on you, and when you leave me, I and your Child muſt periſh. O blame me not if I complain to you; and when I ſee you treat me coldly, almoſt with Indifference, to whom can I complain?— I have relinquiſh'd all for you; and am by all deſerted for your ſake— My Fame, my Character, my once unſpotted Reputation's gone, no vertuous Woman will admit me into her Fellowſhip— *Wronglove*, I am your Slave; do not be too hard a Maſter. I muſt depend upon your Smile, or Frown— But I will not accuſe you; Theſe are only, perhaps, my ſilly Suſpicions— I ſee I make you uneaſy—

Wrong. Uneaſy, my Dear— No— not at all— I was thinking of other things— And ſo, *Cælia*, as I was ſaying, I have taken Lodgings for you.

Cælia. Where?

Wrong. At a good ſort of an old Woman's; one Mrs. *Lupine*'s, a Midwife— Oh, 'tis a very handſom Houſe, there are none but People of Condition live in the Street— She will make Preparations for you againſt the good Hour— Hold up thy Head, my Love: I will ſee thee often, indeed I will.

Cælia. [*Weeping.*] You muſt forgive my Tears, for, but by their Relief my Heart would burſt; can I think of parting with you without Sorrow? of

going out a Stranger into the wide World in this Condition, in these Circumstances, without one Friend, Relation, Servant— I look, methinks, forlorn, deserted—

Wrong. Oh! for Servants, for Attendants, Madam, we'll find every thing necessary.

Cælia. Methinks, I might stay with you a Month longer, at least; you shou'd not thrust me out— I cou'd not so easily part with you.

Wrong. Part with you— Why, I part with you as uneasily, Child, as my Soul wou'd part from my Body; but I expect my Father in Town, you know he lies in my Chambers, and it is quite impossible— Mrs. *Lupine* will be here too in a Minute—— My Dearest, you will get ready— There is, *Cælia*, an Oddity in this old Woman's Behaviour, that may startle you, a little, at first; but I wou'd not have you uneasy at that, for she is, in the main, hearty and honest— These sort of People, you know, my Dear, have but low Education.

Cælia. Her outward Manners will affect me little, provided her Treatment of me be with Decency and Honour.

Wrong. Oh, Madam, you may depend—— Can you imagine——

Cælia. I will not— I must not— I ought not to distrust you: you wou'd not throw me, immediately, from your Bosom to Destruction— Your Honour— your Character——

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir— Madam *Lupine*——

Wrong. Let her come in.

Enter Lupine.

Lup. Hah! my dear Boy, how dost thou? [*Kissing him.*] [*Turning to* Cælia.] Madam, I am your Lady-

Ladyship's most obedient, faithful, humble Servant. Is this the Lady, who is to do me the Honour to lodge at my House?

Wrong. The same, the very same Mrs. *Lupine.*

Lup. [*Saluting* Cælia.] Your Commands, Madam, shall be my Pleasure, and, Madam, if you want any Accommodation that my House, or Servants, can afford; you may be assur'd it shall be rather owing to our want of Knowledge, how you wou'd be serv'd, than of Zeal to serve you.

Cælia. Madam, I thank you; Mr. *Wronglove's* Recommendation of you makes every thing, we can say, needless— You will be so good to let me be lodg'd with all Privacy and Decency.

Lup. Oh! ay! ay!— privately, decently.— Oh, ay! [*To* Wronglove.] Ah, thou art a Cormorant— Why, upon my Soul, she's a fine Creature— There is Hair, a glossy bright brown; there are Teeth; there's a Hip!— a Chest, and an Air!— there are a Pair of living Brilliants. [*Attempting to sing.*] *Those Eyes are made so killing*— Upon my Soul, Madam, your great Belly becomes you, infinitely well, it becomes you. How does the Boy in the Basket— Um! she tanns at the mention of it— Fresh and lovely— Her Colour good, she treads firm, a little too much spread in the Fillets, but——— If she were but half— Ay, just half a handful higher—

Wrong. Why, you praise her as a Horse-Courser does a Filly.

Cælia. [*Aside.*] This is a very strange Woman; she talks, and looks as if she were crazy.

Lup. What, melancholy, my Rose-bud? Um! It is to be separated half a Mile from its Dearee— Poor thing— Why, my pretty one, thou won't breed thy little one a Saint, or an Idiot, if thou feed'st him with nothing but Sighs and Tears— Oh, when you come to my House you shall leave

il

all your Vapours at the Threſhold. There we are all Laughers, no Thinkers— What— you— Mr. Slyboots— have you not a Dram?

Wrong. No; but I can treat you with excellent Element, cool and pure as it comes from the Pump.

Lup. Stingy Toad! I will have none of your *Hare-Court Helicon*— Come, Madam, let us go into a better Air and Climate: Theſe Petticoat Lawyers treat us as they do their Clients, with nothing but Words, and half of them Lyes too.

Cælia. I will ſtep into the next Room, and wait on you again immediately. [*Exit* Cælia.

Wrong. Who's there?

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir—

Wrong. Call a Hack; let him wait at the Friar's Gate— See the Windows drawn up, and that they be cloſe and whole.

Serv. Yes, Sir. [*Exit.*

Lup. Are not you a vicious young Dog? What, weary already of this ſweet Bud of Beauty— never blown upon but by your ſelf———

Wrong. True, Mother; but you know one cou'd not dine on Ortolans every Day; and the greateſt Delicates cloy the ſooneſt.

Lup. They tell me, you liquoriſh Rogue, you had the firſt of her too.

Wrong. Ay, I touch'd her on the Tree, and ſhe dropt into my Hand like a ripe Nectarin.

Lup. Her Father, I hear, is a Gentleman of a very good Eſtate— You have made fine Work in the Family—Thou Devourer of Virgins! thou Dragon of *Wantley!*— Does not thy Conſcience prick thee?

Wrong.

Wrong. No, Mother, I have a good ſober, worldly Conſcience, that ſtands buff to all Reflexion— But I have ſeen thee, *Maudlin*, in thy Brandy, weep like a Crocodile over thy Prey— I wou'd adviſe you, Mother, for your own ſake, to uſe the Girl well, ſhe is freſh and innocent; in ſhort, too good for your Market yet— Hark'e, I have told her you are a Midwife— Keep that Character as long as you can: Let her be weaned by degrees; when ſhe finds I have quite left her, after an Hyſterick or two, ſucceeded by a few warm Showers, and Vapours; why her Reſentment will take place of her Affection; and when ſhe has quite driven me out of her Heart— Why, ſhe will have other things in her Head immediately.

Lup. You talk learnedly.

Wrong. She will reſolve moſt rigorouſly to take Vengeance on the whole Sex for the ſake of that Villain, *Wronglove*. She will coquet, jilt, deceive, vow, delude, betray, and go on in an odd ſort of Vengeance, very pleaſing to her ſelf, and very profitable to you.

Lup. But hearkʼe, my dear Devil in a Doublet, (for ſuch I think thou art.) What are we to do with the little Sucking-bottle, that is coming into the World?

Wrong. I have talk'd with the Pariſh Officers, I am to eat a Capon with them, and ſettle that Affair— Huſh— ſhe is here.

Enter Cælia, *with Scarf, Gloves*, &c.

Are you ready, my Dear?

Cælia. You will go with us.

Wrong. It wou'd be obſerv'd— I will follow you in another Hack, half an Hour hence. You will put on your Mask 'till you are in the Coach.

Cælia.

Cælia. How my Heart beats! how it trembles! I wish I cou'd not think— I wish I cou'd not repeat to my self my Fears— I ought not to think as I do; but as this is now the greatest Evil that can befal me, nothing but Insensibility can prevent Reflexion— But I am sure you will not; I have that Confidence in your Honour, you cannot be ungrateful to the poor Girl that loves you— Fare-you-well, I shall see you in half an Hour.

Wrong. Depend upon it, my Dearest.

Cælia. I have no Dependence else— Tho' you shou'd not love me so warmly, so passionately, as you once lov'd me; yet, surely, you will remember, I have some Merit to you: You will remember what I have suffer'd, what I still suffer for you; and bless me sometimes with the Sight of you— 'Tis my Support, my Consolation— 'tis my all— The little unborn Innocent, your Child, intreats, by me, he may not want a Father— I see, I give you Pain— but I have done— One Kiss— Farewel. I shall see you in half an Hour.

Lup. [*Aside.*] Well, as I hope for Paradise, it brings Tears into my Eyes; 'tis a poor, dear, affectionate, little Pullet— Madam has a tender Heart, and that Dog is all Rock: he hath a Mill-stone in the middle of his Breast.

Wrong. Put on your Mask— You will excuse my waiting on you down— It will be better thus— The Coach is ready. [*Exeunt* Cælia *and* Lupine.

Wronglove *alone.*

So, so— Now the Burden is off my Shoulder, I am somewhat easier than I was— There is not on Earth, surely, so disagreeable a thing as a Dun of this kind— to be solicited to Love on— To be interceeded with, and intreated to have an Appe-

tite

rite— Um— These virtuous Girls plague a Man more— These are your honourable Intrigues, forsooth—— If I cou'd be contented, at any time, with what Mother *Lupine*'s House affords— Why, there wou'd be little, or no harm done—So much Love— So much Money— But I am so fond of the Sport, so delighted with the Chace— If I cou'd eat as heartily as I can hunt the Venison, the Girls and I shou'd agree well enough— Poor *Celia*— She clings round a Man like an evil Conscience. She is so fond, and loving, and tender, and true, and breeding; and I am so cool and yawning, and indifferent, and sick, and surfeited— A cursed Situation on both Sides: it will not bear Reflexion. One may be tir'd, even of Pleasure, as *Congreve* says,

"The frequent Use does the Delight exclude;
"Pleasure's a Toil, when constantly pursu'd.

The End of the First Act.

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE, Wronglove's *Chambers continued.*

Enter Wronglove *and a Servant.*

SERVANT.

SIR, — Mr. *Bellamy.*

Enter Bellamy.

Wrong. Bellamy, how doſt thou? Thy Sight revives me; I was ſinking into the Vapours.

Bell. How ſo?

Wrong. Why I have been plagu'd with a Petticoat Client, who has very frankly declar'd herſelf wholly mine.

Bell. Cælia!

Wrong. Ay, and I have had ſo much of her. —— I wiſh, with all my Soul, ſhe was wholly any Body's elſe.

Bell. She is a very fine Girl.

Wrong. I thought ſo once; but ſhe has not only preſented me with her Perſon, but ſet up a Title to mine too; as if we had made a Deed of Gift of one another to one another. Fantaſtick! and ſilly! She ſays, ſhe thinks I ſhould be a naughty Thing to leave her; ſhe is ſure I cannot be ſo baſe, and cruel, and falſe — and all that Stuff. —— Pox on't! ſhe ſour'd me damnably.

Bell.

Bell. Dear *Tom*, pr'ythee tell me — Did you ever give yourself time to think of Right and Wrong; or how far Honour should be concern'd in every Action of the Man who stiles himself a Gentleman?

Wrong. Why faith, *Bellamy*, to deal freely with you; as to true Honour, I hope I am as incapable of deviating from its Rules, as any He who pretends most to it. —— But, in some Cases, our Notions of Honour may differ, Friend.

Bell. Then, according to thy own Notion, pr'ythee tell me what is Honour?

Wrong. Honour! why, it is, or ought to be, the Characteristick of a Gentleman.

Bell. In what does it consist?

Wrong. In Generosity, Integrity, Courage, and every social Virtue; in binding one's self on all Occasions to do what is right.

Bell. Then 'tis only another Name for Conscience.

Wrong. True, a Man of Honour cannot knowingly do a Wrong.

Bell. Then you think a Man of Honour cannot break his Faith, be unjust or cruel?

Wrong. No, certainly. —— But to what do these moral Queries tend, old *Solon?*

Bell. Did you ever tell *Cælia* you lov'd her?

Wrong. Ten thousand times.

Bell. And promis'd to marry her?

Wrong. Ay, ay, that is a thing of course always in these Cases.

Bell. Then you engag'd as a Man of Honour, and ——

Wrong. Ay, very pleasant —— but you will pardon me —— in Love-Affairs, my dear *George* ——

Bell. In Love-Affairs? Are Women then excluded from all moral Right and Justice? Have you

a

a Title to do the greatest Injury, and not the least? If it be not so, you are, by your own Confession, faithless, unjust, and cruel ——

Wrong. Pho, pho, this is ridiculous; *Jove* laughs at Lovers Vows.

Bell. Well then, we will take it the other way: If a Man was to have an Affair with your Wife, or your Daughter —— suppose him your Friend too, and in your own House —— how would you behave?

Wrong. Behave! —— why, I would not wish to know it.

Bell. True; but if you did, if you cou'd not help knowing it ——

Wrong. Why — why —— then I must shoot him thro' the Back.

Bell. What then do you think of Mr. *Wronglove* in this Case?

Wrong. Why, I think Mr. *Wronglove* runs this very Risk, at this very time. You will excuse me, my dear *George*, if I do not inquire what he deserves; these Affairs are a little dangerous, that I can tell you. — Ay, ay, we pay the full Price. — But pr'y'thee, no more of this; it hurts me.

Bell. Where have you dispos'd poor *Cælia*?

Wrong. Oh! She is in very good Hands.

Bell. But where?

Wrong. You must excuse me; 'tis not proper to name the Place —— but she is gone this very Afternoon into the Country, with a Farmer's Wife of my Acquaintance, about twelve Miles off, where she will thrive, and grow as Plump and Cherry-cheek'd as e'er a Dairy-maid of 'em all.

Bell. Have you try'd to make this Matter up with her Father?

Wrong. No, he must cool. —— He is too hot yet to be touch'd.

Bell. Oh! very well; then you will marry her efore ſhe is deliver'd, ſue out the old Gentleman's ardon at a proper time, and ſet all right.

Wrong. Marry her! No, no, *George*, I am a Man f more Honour than that too.

Bell. How ſo? You ſay a Man of Honour ought keep his Word.

Wrong. I'll tell you: The Law, you know, in Mercy to us, allows but one Wife to one Man —— Now I have, moſt unfortunately, in the heat of my aſſion, at ten different times, given my Promiſe to en different Women; and the Learned tell me, he firſt Promiſe muſt be firſt diſcharg'd; the firſt ond muſt be paid off firſt.

Bell. Humph! —— this is very refin'd.

Wrong. And thus, if I act like a Man of Honour s I hope always punctually to do) it will be ſome me before *Cælia* can come in courſe of Payment.

Bell. I wiſh you wou'd let me ſee *Cælia*.

Wrong. No, no, find her out, and all is fair. —— What, would you cuckold your old Friend? Tho' pretend to no Property in her, yet it wou'd not decent in me to pimp for either of you.

Bell. How thy bad Heart miſconſtrues every thing! No, Sir, this was not the Meaning of my Deſire ſee *Cælia*; but this Morning I ſaw old *Meanwell*, eward to *Cælia*'s Father, who has brought a Let- r from him to his Daughter.

Wrong. A Letter from him!

Bell. Ay, and I would take care ſhe ſhou'd have , and ſolicit this Affair myſelf, if you would give e Means and Power to do it.

Wrong. 'Tis too ſoon —— and I have Reaſons why wou'd, at this time, keep wide of this Buſineſs.

Bell. Why, 'tis moſt inhumane —— and you muſt ave a Heart ——

Wrong. I will tell you —— my Heart —— my

Heart — is ſo buſy, ſo engag'd, and bewitch'd, and entangled, and in Love, and all that ——

Bell. In Love again!

Wrong. Ay, in Love again; the Fire in my Liver is no ſooner extinguiſh'd in one part, but it breaks out in another —— there is a Girl, a *Welſh* Parſon's Daughter, moſt divinely handſom! and a Nymph of the moſt inflexible and pedantick Virtue ——— She is but a Sempſtreſs neither — rot her romantick Education — nurs'd among Mountains, and ſuckled by Goats — Tigers they ſhould have been. ——— Did you ever hear of a *Welſh Venus*, *George?*

Bell. *Tom*, thou art wilder and hotter than any Mountain-Goat of 'em all — one Day or other thou wilt pay the Penalty of thy Folly.

Wrong. Ay, then I ſhall die in my Vocation.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *A Parlour in* Lupine's *Houſe.* Cicely *waiting.*

Enter Cælia *and* Lupine.

Lup. Oh! this confounded Hack has ſhook me to a Jelly —— I have not a whole Joint about me. — Oh, my Sides! my Head! — Sit down, Madam — Sit down, Chicken. — Oh! — What, have you not one Drop of the Royal Cordial? Here, *Cicely*; Beaſt, Beaſt, I may periſh for all the Regard you have for me!

Cicely. Madam.

Lup. Madam! ay, and Madam too: Why don't you budge, ſtir, inſenſible Dolt? Give me the Bottle, *Tatterdemalion*, if you muſt have it out in plain *Engliſh.* —— This Wench, Madam, is ſo provoking!

Cælia.

Cælia. What is this Creature! Whither am I brought! There is in her Behaviour something so indecent, so shocking! [*Aside.*

Lup. [*Snatching the Bottle, and drinking.*] So, so; this warms my Stomach, recovers my Spirits, and lights the Lamp again. —— Odso! I had forgot —— Here, Chicken, come, drink — come, drink by Word of Mouth, as the Saying is. —— This is a most sovereign Cordial; it will cure your Vapours, I can tell you that. —— What, not drink a Dram?

Cælia. I assure you, Madam, I never did.

Lup. A young Woman, and in Love, and in the Spleen, and never take a Dram!

Cælia. I assure you, never.

Lup. Why then I think you are neither one of the highest, nor of the lowest Quality. —— Where are the Ladies? — Upon my Soul, Madam, we have very good Company in the House; you must not be melancholy.

Cælia. I am unfit for Company; I humbly intreat I may be alone.

Lup. Unfit for Company! —— [*Drinking.*] —— That's a very good Jest indeed! I desire to be alone, quotha! —— Here, where are the Ladies, I say?

Cicely. I really don't know, Madam; the Ladies are all gone out.

Lup. Gone out! —— Why there it is. —— Here am I, labouring honestly in my Vocation, wasting my Health, spending my Spirits, consuming my Vigour and my Vitals, and bringing home fresh Goods for the Market every Day; while these Jades, these lazy Jades are carousing, and merry-making, I warrant, by themselves, or else with some beggarly, *Tipperary* Toupets, that they are in Love with, forsooth. Ah, the idle Hussies!

What will become of 'em when their poor Mother is in Paradiſe?

Cælia. O my poor Heart! Cou'd I not think I might be happy—What would I give, could I recover thoſe ſweet Hours of Innocence and Peace, I once enjoy'd at *Clareville?*

Lup. Not one of 'em in the way! and I have Letters from all parts of the Town. This warm Weather too, the old Cits (my beſt Cuſtomers) creep out of their Holes, and prune their Wings, and feel the Sunſhine — Hum! not one of 'em in the way! —— [*To* Cælia.] What is the Matter, my pretty dear One? thou hang'ſt the Wing, and droops thy Head like a poor Bird a moulting. ——— Chear up, chear up. — Ah! if thou wou't but take down a little of the Cordial ———

Cælia. Dear Madam, leave me to my ſelf; the greateſt Favour I am capable of receiving, is to be permitted to retire to my Chamber, and be alone.

Lup. Well, well, well! thou ſhalt have thy way. *Cicely*, ſhew Madam to her Chamber. [*Exit* Cælia.] But that is not to be afforded long. — [*Knocking hard at the Door.*] — See, ſee, Lumphead, who is there; by that Rap-a-tap-rap, it ſhou'd be ſome Rake of Quality; or perhaps two or three Coach-loads of your Pigtail-Puppies, dreſs'd between Grooms and Running-Footmen, with Hunting-Poles in their Hands, and Hangers by their Sides, as if the whole Buſineſs of their Lives was to leap Hedges, and cut down Gates. Do they come hither to relieve their Neceſſities by Day-light; or to alarm the Neighbourhood, and get the Character they aſſume, but never will deſerve of *able Sportſmen?* ——— Hark'e, I am at home to no body but Mr. *Wronglove.*

Cicily. Very well, Madam; not to my Lord *Friable*, nor to Sir *Liquoriſh.*

Lup. No, Mrs. Impertinence, to none but Mr.

Mr. *Wronglove.*—There is much Craft to be us'd in our Profeſſion; without great Conduct we ſhou'd ſoon be blown up.—Ah, if we were allow'd to pick and chooſe our Cuſtomers! —but that cannot be.—Why there is nothing to be got by theſe ſhameleſs Rakes, but Scandal and Indictments; but when a ſober, grave, married Citizen; a ſolid Gentleman of the long Robe; when a Kirk-Elder, or a dignify'd Debauchee, drive hither in a cloſe Hack, with the Windows up, about Nine in the Evening, a ſmall ſingle Tap at the Door, with —I pray, is this Mrs. *Lupine*'s? — the Buſineſs is done quite right, without Noiſe or Hurry, all Parties are pleas'd. — Ah! if I had none but ſuch Cuſtomers as thoſe, I ſhou'd be thought to keep as ſober a Houſe as any Woman in the Pariſh, and grow rich and reputable. — Well, who is there?

Enter Cicely.

Cicely. Madam, Mr. *Wronglove* —

Enter Wronglove.

Lup. Hoh! Mr. Good-for-nothing! — What ſhall I do with this Bird of thine? It will die of the Pip, I am afraid.

Wrong. Is ſhe very uneaſy?

Lup. Sick, and ſullen as a forſaken Dove; talk to her, ſooth her, promiſe, lye, flatter; one of your deceitful, ſly Looks, will do more than all I can ſay to her: While this Humour of hers laſts, ſhe will be no more fit for my Buſineſs, than if ſhe were not of the Female Sex. — I will ſend her to you.

[*Exit* Lupine.

Wrong. There is, (I feel it) there is ſomething in this Buſineſs that hurts me; and yet I have had more than one Affair very like this, and thoſe never

ver gave me any Compunction: But be it as it will, there is no trifling with my Father; I muſt ſubmit to his Reſolution of marrying me to the vaſt Fortune he has provided, or expect to be diſinherited.

Enter Cælia.

My dear *Cælia!* how doſt thou?

Cælia. My Deareſt, you are punctual to your Word; now you are kind; now you are the Man of Honour, the Gentleman, the Lover.

Wrong. Think me any thing that can pleaſe thee, and be happy ——

Cælia. This is kind — very kind.

Wrong. I had but one half Hour to ſpare, and I ſnatch'd it to keep my Word, and ſee thee.

Cælia. You will remove me from this Houſe, my Dear; this Woman is a very vicious Creature, I fear.

Wrong. It is her Buſineſs to take care of unfortunate Women in Diſtreſſes like yours; your Affairs will be manag'd here in a more regular way.— Theſe People have a Method, and you wou'd have been more liable to be diſcover'd, in that we might call a Private-Lodging; you will remove into the Country, when it is proper.

Cælia. You will ſtay with me to-night?

Wrong. I am ſo unhappy to be oblig'd to ſup with my Father in the City; he lies in my Chamber too, and will return with me: So you ſee it is not practicable; but to-morrow you may depend upon it, I will find an Hour. ——— The old Gentleman waits for me now at the Coffee-houſe.

Cælia. Alas! and muſt I loſe thee, ſo ſoon too! —— But you ſeem kinder to me, and I am comforted. ——— Is it not hard, very hard, my Dear, that

that we may not publickly own our mutual Obligations? ——— Might I but call your Father mine ———

Wrong. At this time, you know, my Dear, it would be quite wrong to attempt it ——— we must wait.

Cælia. I am all Obedience; for when you smile, my Heart is easy.

Wrong. *Cælia*, farewel; to-morrow you may expect me. [*Exit*.

Cælia. Farewel, my only Hope. ——— I feel my Mind is more at ease; my Spirits are grown lighter; there is an irresistible Sweetness in *Wronglove*'s Manner and Expression, when he pleases ——— A Joy I never felt but in his Sight; that softens, and for the time suspends my Grief and Fears.

Enter Lupine.

Lup. Madam ——— you ——— your Servant. ——— I sup ——— I suppose now you are satisfy'd.

Cælia. Madam!

Lup. I say, whe', I say, it is a mighty good thing to be sa—satisfied, as it were, in one's Man, for then, you know, one is ——— satisfied.

Cælia. [*Aside*.] This old Creature has drank her self almost out of her Senses.

Lup. Madam, your most obedient Servant. Madam ——— I have met with great Crosses and Losses in the World.

Cælia. Yes, Madam.

Lup. Alack-a-day! I had a whole Load of Goods quite spoil'd the other Day, coming out of *Lancashire*.

Cælia. Then you deal in Merchandise from those Parts?

Lup. Ay, Madam, I deal to all Parts. —— That ——— *Northamptonshire* Waggoner, a Son of a Whore, shall take his batter'd Ware again ——— Ay, I will return 'em, every living Creature upon his Hands. —— But those Country Squires are the veriest Poachers. ——— Why, I will tell you, Madam; they pick 'em up upon the Road; cull the choicest of my Wares; and then send them forward.

Cælia. Do you deal in Wildfowl, Madam?

Lup. Ha, ha! Wildfowl! Ha, ha! ——Ay, I do deal in Wildfowl, my Innocent —— but they are tame enough before I have done with 'em. — What will you please to have for your Supper, my pretty One? ——— Heh!

Cælia. Nothing, I thank you, Madam; I want nothing now, but Rest.

Lup. No! what, not a broil'd Chicken, nor a Dram, nor a Jelly, nor a little *Mirabilis?* ——— Lud! Lud! how can you sleep without a Dram? Well, Madam, your most obedient. ——— If you shou'd want any living Creature that I can help you to —— I am your Servant — that is all.

[*Exit* Lupine.

Cælia. There is something so noisy, and violent, and wicked, and coarse, in this old Creature, that frightens me very much. But Mr. *Wronglove*'s Return to Himself, and his Affection to me, have made me almost insensible of every thing else. He will come hither to-morrow, and then I will remove. ——— Oh! how my Heart flutters! Somewhere I learn'd a Song, the Words of it seem to suit my Circumstances; I will try if I can remember it.

SONG.

S O N G.

To the Tune of *Colin's Complaint.*

I.

THE Turtle thus cooes in the Grove,
Complaining, ſhe thus makes her moan;
Laments the ſad Loſs of her Love,
And murmurs her Sorrows alone.

II.

The Nightingale perch'd on a Spray,
Thus ſweetly renews her ſoft Strain;
Thus ſhe ſings while her Mate is away,
And ev'ry Note calls him again.

III.

Oh my ſad Heart! —— But *Wronglove* will return.

The generous Youth will all my Fears remove,
Confirm his Promiſe, and reward my Love.

The End of the Second Act.

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE, *A Chamber in* Lupine's *House.*

CÆLIA, *alone.*

IN what Pain have I paſs'd this tedious Night! Noiſe and Riot, and Uprore, and Diſturbance in every Room— Shrieking, ſwearing, fighting, ſinging— Thoſe in *Bedlam* live in more Tranquillity and Temperance— Whither has *Wronglove* brought me?— This is my only Satisfaction, I am ſure he does not know how bad a Place this is. But now he will ſoon be here, and I will be gone that very Moment— I wou'd not live another Night here—

Enter Lupine.

Lup. I am your Ladyſhip's moſt humble Servant; Madam, how did you reſt laſt Night?

Cælia. Very indifferently.

Lup. Why, that is it— There is my Lord *Frible*, Sir *Harry Bumper*, *Dick Limberham*, and Sir *William Carbuncle*, and all that Club; come hither to make Love, when they have loſt the Uſe of all their Limbs— And then they rore, and ſwear, and ſing, and haul the Ladies about— Um! they wou'd be very wicked, if they cou'd — Duce take them, they kept me up almoſt the whole Night— So, Madam, I was afraid they wou'd diſturb you— Ay, ay, they teaz'd me for a freſh Piece of Goods; but they ſhou'd have tore my Eyes out of my Head, before

before they ſhou'd have oblig'd me to ſhew 'em into your Room— No, no, Madam, I am a Woman of Honour——— What is your Ladyſhip's Breakfaſt? Tea, or Chocolate, or Coffee— Coffee-royal, we call it, when it is inſpirited with the Cordial.

Cælia. Nothing, Madam— nothing at all— I expect Mr. *Wronglove* every Minute; and I will wait till he comes.

Lup. But, Madam, the Ladies are ready to wait upon you; and it is the Cuſtom here, for the Lady, the laſt Comer, to give a Breakfaſt, the firſt Morning.

Cælia. Madam, I will have nothing to do with your Breakfaſts, your Cuſtoms, or your Women— Do not affront me, Mr. *Wronglove* ſhall know it.

Lup. Lord, Madam, how you talk— Why, they are coming up— Upon my Soul they are here.

Enter Wag, Flippant, Teazer, *and Women.*

Lup. [*Addreſſing* Cælia.] Theſe are the Ladies of my Family, Madam *Cælia* — Dear Madam, your Ladyſhip is moſt heartily welcome— This is our College, Madam; and theſe are the Students: Or rather, Madam, this is a Nunnery, and I am Lady Abbeſs — O you ſhall ſee how merrily we live here— Come ſit— Sit Ladies— No Ceremony— This Lady is but a Novice, you will put her out of Countenance— So, ſo— Fill the Tea, fill— [*They ſit to Breakfaſt.*

Flip. [*to* Cælia.] Madam, was you never in one of our Houſes— theſe ſort of Houſes before?

Cælia. No, Madam.

Wag. Nor ever in any Chamber-Practice?

Cælia. [*Aſide.*] What do theſe Creatures mean!

Wag.

Wag. Why, Madam, was you never a ſeparate Trader in your own Lodgings?

Cælia. I know not what you mean: You ſpeak a Language that I do not underſtand.

Wag. No: Why, then you have not taken your Degrees regularly, Madam.—You ſeem to enter our Univerſity like a raw Country Boy, from a Grammar School.

Teaz. You are but a Dunce in the Profeſſion; and have not gone through half your Exerciſes.

Wag. The Man who ruin'd you, Miſs, (as we call it) left you very ſoon, as I ſuppoſe— Well— that is in courſe— From thence you ought to have come into pretty good Keeping, and have been for ſome ſmall time, true to your Man—When that Affair was over, then you ſhou'd have enter'd into Chamber-Practice, with a few Friends— And now, Madam, after this, and not before, you had a Right to be admitted into our College.

Flip. Ay, and here you come, flump at once, into the Converſation of the gay World, without knowing any thing of the matter.

Cælia. What are theſe Things that take the Forms of Women?

Flip. Miſtreſſes, Madam, Ladies of Pleaſure— The vulgar Name I will not repeat.

Wag. Things very neceſſary in a great City—

Teaz. The Refreſhment of Youth— the Cordial of Age.

Flip. We prevent haſty Marriages, and correct the Violence of the Paſſions.

Wag. We keep up the Spirits of the Elders, and ſave the Youth from the Bonds of Love and Matrimony.

Lup. Oh that Wench has Wit; a great deal of Wit: Come, Ladies, come, now we are in Joy and good Humour, let us have the Song in Parts, that

that you us'd to delight me with, in Praise of our Profession.

SONG in PARTS.

COME hither, ye jolly young Swains,
Who refuse to wear amorous Chains,
Come hither, come hither, and love;
Your Joys will each Moment improve.
Your Joys, &c.

Here you will find no Lady coy,
And Love is here without Alloy;
None of the Pain, but all the Joy.
None of, &c.

Does Chloe *refuse to comply,*
Or Phillis *the Blessing deny,*
Without Gaffer Hymen *be by?*
Strephon *here corrects his Passion,*
Checks his amorous Inclination,
And cools his feverish Vexation.
And cools, &c.

Oh Cupid! Cupid, *break thy Bow;*
Away thy blunted Arrows throw:
Thy Mother Venus, *all the Year,*
Keeps open House, and revels here,
For this is, this is Beauty-Fair.
For this, &c.

Lap.

Lup. Come, my Children, come; don't let us waste too much of our Time over our Breakfast. I will bring Miss to-rights, I warrant. —— Madam, your Servant. [*To* Cælia.] I shall wait on you again in a Minute.

[*Ladies together, speak to* Cælia.]

Madam, your Servant —— your most humble Servant, Madam.

[*They go out, taking an aukward Leave.*

Cælia *alone.*

Sure, I am in a horrid Dream! — It is impossible! —— there can be no such Place —— there can be no such Women. Am I not amongst them? Do I not see and hear? Alas! my Fears return —— Yet — yet, it cannot be.

Lupine *re-enters.*

Lup. So, Madam, I am come to ask you a very short Question.

Cælia. What is it?

Lup. When do you design to see Company?

Cælia. Company!

Lup. Ay, Madam, Company; don't look so strange upon me, I am serious: In this Place no Body leads an idle Life, I assure you.

Cælia. I am in your Power, Madam; but Mr. *Wronglove* will resent your Usage of me. Has he not been here? Has he not sent this Morning?

Lup. Chicken! Chicken! don't turn your Thoughts that way any longer; that is not the Company I meant. —— Child, Child, I tell you, you must think no more of Mr. *Wronglove*.

Cælia. How!

Lup.

Lup. Ods my Life! you are a fine Creature; this is Beauty-Fair; here you muſt chooſe your Man; but never let your ſilly Heart fix on one.

Cælia. You cannot, ſure, be ſerious. — Is all this to try me?

Lup. To try thee, my Dove! No, no, I warrant thee we will make our Market as well as the beſt of 'em.

Cælia. Market, Madam! this is the higheſt, the moſt injurious Inſult! —What do you mean? Where is Mr. *Wronglove?*

Lup. Really, Madam, I do not know; but I think he will not come hither in haſte. —— Why, Madam, this Mr. *Wronglove*, your *Cupid*, has at this very Hour no leſs than three Miſtreſſes, who formerly did me the Honour to lodge with me, as your Ladyſhip now does, and who are, at this time, very ſubſtantially married in the City: Ay, ay, and the good Men their Husbands crowd themſelves into the Herd, thrive well upon it, and may live to be for Sheriffs; their Ladies too ſometimes do me the Favour of a Viſit, and accept the Civility of my Houſe.

Cælia. It is falſe; I will not believe it —— this is moſt infamouſly falſe ——— injurious, wicked Woman!

Lup. Hum! She has Spirit, I find —— juſt enough to give an Alloy to her Softneſs —— quite right! ——— She is a delicious Morſel, faith.

Cælia. Where is Mr. *Wronglove?*

Lup. I have told you, Madam, I know nothing of his Walks; if he was yours, I am not his Keeper, I aſſure you.

Cælia. Open your Doors then; let me be gone ——— I will not ſtay a Moment longer in your Houſe.

Lup.

Lup. No, Madam, that cannot be; you must not go away in a Huff; your Passion may do Mischief. —— when you are sensible Mr. *Wronglove* has committed you to my Care; perhaps this Rage may take another turn.

Cælia. Ah! whither shall I go? What can I do?

Lup. Look'e, Madam, we must come to Business, and plain Truth. — There is an old Gentleman in the next Room, Sir *Liquorish Muckworm.* He is a very clean old Man: He has, I must tell you, bid very fair for the Prize: Now, if we can fix him for ready Money —— why, I'll be contented with the usual Fees, a Crown in the Pound; for I am none of your dirty Thirty-*per-Cent* Userers: But, if he settles, I shall insist on an Annuity of Ten *per Cent* for joint Lives.

Cælia. You wear a Female Habit, but your Behaviour, your Looks, your Actions, and your Morals, declare you monstrous.

Lup. You rally most agreeably. —— Shall I call in Sir *Liquorish?*

Cælia. Ah, no! I beseech you do not treat me thus. Why do you mock my Wrongs? How have I injur'd you? Oh! let me quit your House; this Moment, let me go; take all I have, and let me leave this Place —— yes, I will bear my public Shame thro' every Street, ask Alms at every House; but never will I be reduc'd so low to sell my self.

Lup. Ah! this is a mighty silly young Thing. She knows nothing of the World. —— Ah! that either she had my Wit, or I her Youth and Beauty!

Cælia. You will, I know you will be so good to let me go.

Lup. Let thee go! Pho, pho, what can I do with thee, Chicken? I think I muſt turn thee out of my Doors. —— Ods me! I will have none of theſe Airs. — Madam is in Love, forſooth! — Um! I never knew any Good come of theſe puling, loving Idiots.

Cælia. Dear Madam, as you may meet in your Diſtreſs with Mercy and Relief, let me be gone.

Lup. Well, well, we muſt have Patience; this will wear out in time: Yes, yes, the Goods will be Saleable, if I can but ſtay; but I am, at preſent, quite out of Beauty.

Cælia. I beg you will tell me, Madam; have you not heard from Mr. *Wronglove?* Has he not sent?

Lup. Why then, my Dear, to put you out of all Pain, as to that Matter, (for I pity you from my Soul, indeed I do) you are to know, he left this Letter for you. Mr. *Wronglove* order'd me to deliver this into your own Hands, when I found all her Means were uſeleſs —— I will leave you 'till you are a little recover'd of the Qualm it muſt give you at firſt. [*Exit* Lupine.

Cælia *alone.* Wronglove's *Letter in her Hand.*

What can he ſay? Why does he not come? My Heart flutters! I tremble! —— Let me read [*Reading.*

MADAM,

I AM concern'd that I am oblig'd to inform you of what I fear will hurt you: My Father has agreed to marry me to a young Lady with a very large Fortune: The Articles are to be ſign'd this Day, and

the Wedding will immediately follow. I will continue to be as kind to you as I can; but I must insist that you keep your self private two or three Days; and that you do not send any Letters or Messages to me, 'till this Affair is finish'd.

WRONGLOVE.

Is it then so! —— All that I fear'd is come. —— Unjust, perfidious *Wronglove!* —— Yet, why do I accuse him? He is as all Men are. His Interest guides him. —— To be married! and so soon too! —— This Blow is sudden. —— Now I am lost to every Hope. —— I thought one Day to fix him mine: in that dear Wish I liv'd, and was supported. —— Now all is gone. —— [*Reading.*] —— *I insist that you do not send me any Letters or Messages 'till this Affair is finish'd.* —— Alas! *Wronglove*, you know me not; no, no, I will not trouble your Repose; *Nor plead my Title to so bad a Heart.* —— Once I believ'd I had some Interest there. —— Oh! to be thus abandon'd! thus abus'd! —— Unnecessary Cruelty! Why did you not leave me to perish in Want, and Privacy? Why this indecent Treatment, for my Crime of loving you? Why did you wickedly and wantonly give me up with your own Hands, to the lowest Infamy, to the lowest Shame? —— O most ungrateful Man! —— Yet, cease, unhappy Wretch, cease to complain of him; reproach thy self, accuse thy own bad Conduct; thy Folly, thy criminal, shameful Folly; my credulous fond Heart. —— Yet, oh! there is a Scene of Horror yet behind, that sinks me quite —— my Family! my Fame! *my Parents!* —— that Burden is heavier on me, even than the Loss and Perfidy of this bad Man.

Enter

Enter Cicely.

Cicely. Madam, a Gentleman without desires to see you.

Cælia. I will see no Body —— I will not be insulted; I will not be abused. —— Dare not to admit him; I will not endure it.

Cicely. He is an old Gentleman, and says he has particular Business.

Cælia. Leave me, leave me —— I have no Business with the base Sex — leave me to die in Peace, alone.

Cicely. He has brought a Letter for you. —— His Name is *Meanwell.*

Cælia. Meanwell! admit him instantly. [*Exit* Cicely.] How shall I see him, in this Place! in this Condition! I am reduc'd so low that what shou'd administer Relief and Comfort, gives me both Pain and Shame; I cannot look upon him.

[Cælia *covers her Face with her Hood.*

Enter Meanwell.

Mean. Madam —— my poor Lady —— Madam *Cælia.* [*Uncovering her Face.*] Yes, it is she; 'tis my young Mistress. —— Forgive me —— Let me pause a while. —— My Grief will have it so ——

Cælia. Meanwell! thou good old Man —— this Visit is beyond what I deserve, ev'n from my Father's Servant. —— Thou dost behold a miserable Wretch; an Object of Contempt and Pity —— unworthy —— lost —— deserted —— and yet merit-ing more than I suffer.

Mean. Oh! my dear Lady, talk not so; we hope yet to recover you, not to lose you quite.

Cælia. Thou ſeeſt what I am now, and whither I am fallen; thou doſt remember me in happier Days.

Mean. Alas! I did not think I e'er ſhou'd ſee this Sight, this piteous Sight!—— to ſee the precious, the dear only Hope of my good Maſter's Houſe reduc'd to this!——What care did my good Lady take in your Education! It was the whole Buſineſs of her Life; no Coſt, no Pains were ſpared; every Accompliſhment that became your Birth, your Beauty, or your Fortune.

Cælia. Thy Reprehenſion is moſt juſt.—— O! I was taught, taught to do well——but an intemperate Paſſion——Oh *Meanwell!* do not, do not thus recal thoſe Days to Memory; dear, good old Man, forbear; it is too much——

Mean. O! I cou'd recollect a thouſand little Circumſtances——But I have done:—— You will forgive me, my moſt honour'd Lady, and believe my Sorrow——'Tis the Effect of a long and dutiful Regard to that Family, to which I owe my All.

Cælia. No more —— I beg thee, ſay no more, Think not what I was; behold me what I am.---- Give me thy Help and Pity. How do——(will they permit me now to uſe the Expreſſion?) How do my much injur'd Parents?

Mean. Your Father, Madam, ſends by me this Meſſenger of his Sorrow.

[*Giving her Father's Letter.*

Cælia. My Tears prevent me; *Meanwell,* do thou read it. [Meanwell *reads.*

My

My dearest Child,

I *Send to you by* Meanwell: *I have order'd him to find you out, if possible; and to deliver this into your own Hands. You will let Mr.* Wronglove *know, I am (notwithstanding his ungenerous Treatment of me) willing to make the first Proposal of Accommodation. To that end I am content, when I can be assur'd he has married you, to settle my whole Estate upon you, and your Children.*

Your poor Mother, not having Strength to support the Loss of you, sunk under it: She died last Week: Some Minutes before she died, she said, Remember *Cælia,* I never shall see my poor dear Child again; let her not be lost; forgive her, as I do. *In pursuance of her last Request, and my own Inclinations, I send this; you will let me hear from you.*

I am your affectionate,

and afflicted Father,

LOVEMORE.

[Cælia *faints, and is supported by* Meanwell.

Mean. Take Comfort, Lady: Your Father, with the greatest Humanity, you see, is ready to forgive your Error: He has promis'd to re-establish you. You see he will —— he will settle his whole Estate upon you and Mr. *Wronglove,* to make you both happy. Therefore be comforted ——

Cælia. Speak not of Comfort —— Comfort has forsworn me. My Mother! —— Alas, she is gone!

and I, the fatal Cauſe, yet live, and know it. Why was I born for this? My Crimes, that murder'd her who gave me Life, too grievous for my Father's Heart to bear, may ———

Mean. Alas! no more of this —— You will ſhow your Father's Propoſal to Mr. *Wronglove*; this will make all things eaſy.

Cælia. Mr. *Wronglove* will very ſoon be married; juſt before I ſaw you, he ſent me this fatal News, with Orders not to trouble him with Notes and Meſſages. My Comforts mock me! My Father's Kindneſs cannot help me! His generous Goodneſs now but aggravates his and my Sorrow. ——— Hard is my Lot! Can I be more compleatly wretched?

Mean. What! has he left you? ——— forſaken you?

Cælia. Meanwell, the Man to whom my doting Heart intruſted all my Fame, my Happineſs, my Honour! He has betray'd and left me —— left me laſt Night, in this abandon'd Dwelling ——— Yes, he intended here to leave me, to periſh with my Child.

Mean. Unſpeakable Barbarity! My Heart bleeds to hear it.

Cælia. Meanwell, wou'dſt thou relieve me — take me hence; no matter where —— where I may not reflect, if poſſible.

Mean. Droop not; be comforted; I will remove you from this Lodging.

Cælia. Indeed, 'tis kind — 'tis very kind —— my Father will thank you, that you did not leave me to die here.

Mean. Have Patience, Lady: I will provide a Lodging fitting for you: I will return in an Hour, be aſſur'd I will. Your Father came to

Town

Town this Morning. Be chearful; there are better Days approaching. Retire, compose your self, depend upon it, I will return in an Hour, and remove you from this House. [*Exit* Mean.

Cælia. There's Comfort in those Words. —— But, Oh! sweet Heaven, what can restore my Peace?

Sorrows, like mine, Death only can remove;
I fall, a bleeding Sacrifice to Love.

The End of the Third Act.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE Lupine's *House.*

Enter Lupine, *and her Women.*

LUPINE.

WELL, my Children, well, let me know how you thrive in your Profession. You do Justice to your poor Mother, I hope; you don't sink upon her?

Flip. Do you take me for a Director, Mother?

Lup. [*To* Flip.] How do you manage that Affair with Sir *George Witless* now? That Fellow has Money, and you have Wit, but you always joke your self out of his Favour; your Head gets the better of your Face; he likes your Person, but he detests your Parts.——Um! you shou'd always apply to the Passions of your Fellow.

Flip. What can one do, Mother, with such a Bullet-Head? When I talk Sense, he stares; when I joke, he's affronted; when I flatter him, he's jealous.

Lup. My dearest Child, *Flippant*, know from me, there are as many Requisites to the finishing a compleat Mistress, or an accomplish'd Mother of the Maids, as an able Politician: You must bribe this Man with Flattery; pension another with Hope; bully a third

a third with a matrimonial Contract; threaten the fourth with discovering the Theft to his Wife: but always be sure to fleece, spunge, squeeze—— let their Pockets bleed on every Occasion. Mrs. *Dizen*, how go Affairs with you? You will never make any thing, I can tell you, of that Favourite of yours, *Tom Macflint*— He is dry, dry, very dry; when did you see him?

Wag. I will never see him any more.

Lup. How has he disoblig'd you?

Wag. Why, wou'd any Creature believe it?—The covetous Villain, in my Absence, the other Day, comforted himself with my Maid!—— A false, fulsom, Fellow——

Teaz. Quite nauseous— I hate them, when they converse with these little Creatures.

Lup. Teazer! thou art my tip-top Girl—thy Conversation with the Ancients, as the Learned say, makes thee the first Scholar in my Academy. Give but *Teazer* an old Fellow to manage, and he shall throw his Guineas into her Lap, by handfuls, and be as profuse as a winning Gamester, a kept Harlot, or a Sailor just paid off.

Teaz. But I am to tell you, Mother, I am weary of this Drudgery—— Put your old Babies to nurse somewhere else; I will not ply this labouring Oar any longer.

Lup. One Word, Madam— I am told you made a Party at Quadrille, above-stairs, th' other Night. I take it ill, you know it is against the Orders of the House.

Teaz. We thought, Mother, there was no harm.

Lup. Look'e, let our Superiors, let those whose Fortunes and Quality can afford it, consume their Money, and their Time, as they please. Our Profession cannot be carried on without Application and Industry.

Teaz.

Teaz. But 'tis ſo faſhionable, ſo genteel an Amuſement.

Lup. Genteel, ay, ay, half the Sempſtreſſes, Milliners, and Mantua-makers in Town, are ruin'd by this genteel Amuſement: inſtead of dealing with their Cuſtomers, they are dealing for Matadores.

Wag. It is, indeed, come down now, among the lower Rank of People.

Lup. Divewell, there was a Watch miſſing laſt Night, and your Fellow made ſome Noiſe about it— Can you never keep your Fingers out of a Fob? Mechanical and ſilly! Is there no way of robbing but within the Letter? You muſt be dull and lazy too, to be reduc'd to this; beſides 'tis dangerous, as well as diſhonourable, to my Houſe. [*Knocking hard at the Gate.*] Bleſs us all! bleſs us all! the Informers, I warrant.

Enter Cicely.

Cicely. No, Madam! the Conſtable! and the Beadles, and Watch, upon a Search-Warrant—— They ſay, ſome of the Ladies have ſtolen a Watch.

Enter Conſtable, &c.

Conſt. Come ye little wanton Nymphs of *London*— Ye Waterwag-tails— What ſay you now to a Journey towards the farther part of *Weſtminſter*; yonder, where they curry Skins with Oxes Hides? But firſt, you muſt appear before their Worſhips of the Bench. I believe they wait for us now.

Lup. I hope, Mr. Conſtable— Yet I do not queſtion— I ought by no means to doubt, Sir, from your great Capacity and your Conduct, but that you will treat me like a Gentlewoman— You will permit me, Sir, to pay my thanks, however. [*Gives him*

him Money.] And you, Gentlemen of the Watch, will be pleas'd to accept this ſmall Acknowledgement for your Civility. [*Giving Money.*

Conſt. Upon my Soul, ſhe is a very well bred ſort of Woman— I believe ſhe keeps a very civil Houſe.

Bounce. I cannot imagine who cou'd inform againſt this Gentlewoman?——

Conſt. Bounce, call three or four Hackney Coaches. Nay, you ſhall go in Chairs, Ladies, if you pleaſe. You will pay the Expence, I know— You ſhall be expos'd as little as poſſible— Why, Mrs. *Lupine*, to the beſt of my Memory, I never heard of Felony being committed in your Houſe before.

Lup. Lord, Mr. Conſtable, it is an idle Notion. Why, a Gentleman may ſleep as chaſte, and as ſafe in my Houſe, as in the Arms of his own Wife— tho', I muſt confeſs, I have had ſeveral Gentlemen lodge in my Houſe, only for the Reputation of being thought Sportſmen— they were on the hunt after Widows indeed.

Enter Bounce.

Bounce. Mr. Conſtable, the Coaches are at the Door.

Conſt. Away then, let us march; have we all the Ladies in the Houſe? my Commands are to bring 'em all.

3 *Watch.* Maſter, we have ſearched every Hole and Corner; here they are all, except a ſimple little dumb Creature, whom we found whining and ſobbing in a Room by it ſelf: It is but half alive: She muſt go along, Maſter Conſtable, I ſuppoſe.

Conſt. Ay, Ay, ſuch are my Orders; ſhe belongs to the Nunnery. *Bounce*, do you lead Van, place the Ladies in the Centre, let the Watch march on the Flanks, and I my ſelf, your Lieutenant-General, will bring up the Rear— March— [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE *The Street, before* Lupine's *House.*

Meanwell, *Mr.* Lovemore, *and a Porter.*

Mean. This, this is the House, my good Master.
[Meanwell *knocks, no body opens, or answers.*

Love. Sure they are all dead—again— [*Knocking.*

Port. If you would speak with any one in that House, Gentlemen, I think you will be disappointed.

Love. Why so, Friend?

Mean. Is not this Mrs. *Lupine*'s?

Port. Yes, Sir, Mother *Lupine*'s.

Love. Mother *Lupine*'s.

Port. But at present, she, and all her pious Family are dispos'd of: there is no Creature within now, but a poor Wretch, a sort of an Under-strapper, who, I suppose, is dead-drunk, and asleep in her Straw.

Love. What House is this? I thought you told me, *Cælia* was lodged here.

Mean. It is true, Sir, she was lodged in that House last Night.

Love. But how are they disposed of; whither are they removed?

Port. To a certain House, where Idleness finds very little Encouragement. In short, Sir, the Justices have sent them all to the House of Correction, and Mother *Lupine* at their Head.

Love. To the House of Correction!— then this was——

Port. It was, Sir, a most abominable House, a Nuisance to the whole Neighbourhood, and has been indicted twenty times.

Love. Oh, *Meanwell*, I have heard but half the Story; why didst thou not tell me all— I tremble to ask thee, what remains behind—— Is then my Daughter,

Daughter, *Cælia*, given up to Shame! a Miſtreſs of the Town! a common Proſtitute!

Mean. No, my dear Maſter, no, have a Moment's Patience— Was there not [*To the Porter.*] a young Woman in this Houſe, who came thither laſt Night? She was not carry'd away, and committed with the reſt?

Port. She was, Sir, I ſaw her, a pretty young Creature, a Gentleman's Daughter, every body pity'd her, they ſaid, ſhe was with Child; ſhe wou'd not anſwer one Word to their Worſhips, when ſhe was examin'd, and ſo ſhe was ſent with the reſt— She wept, and ſighed, and looked ſo forlorn, as it were, it made ones Heart bleed.

Mean. Thank you for this Information. Fare-you-well.

Port. Gentlemen, your Servant. [*Exit Porter.*

Love. Did he not ſay, ſhe was deliver'd up to Shame!— to publick Shame!— With Child!— Did he not ſay, ſhe was with Child?

Mean. It is true, Sir.

Love. What! how! in that condition— miſerable Creature! to go into that Houſe! How came ſhe there, into that infamous Brothel? Anſwer me that?— If ſhe went thither willingly, let me go back, die, and forget her. Let not my fond, weak Heart protect and foſter a wicked Girl, void of all ſenſe of Shame and Vertue.

Mean. You are too impatient, Sir; ſhe was betrayed into that Houſe, ſeduced thither, by that worthleſs, that moſt abandoned Villain, *Wronglove:* He aſſured her, this was the Place where ſhe was to be taken care of till her Delivery, and that the old Woman, the Miſtreſs of the Houſe, was a Midwife, that it was the moſt convenient Place.

Love. My Heart is eaſier already— honeſt *Meanwell!*

Mean.

Mean. Since ſhe came hither, which was laſt Night, ſhe has neither ſlept, nor taſted Food. As I told you, I promiſed to remove her from this Lodging in an Hour, and this Accident, as you ſee, has happened in the mean time.

Love. Yet, why didſt thou not tell me this before?

Mean. I fear'd to add too much Weight at once to your Afflictions; I waited to do it by degrees; I thought it was too much for you to bear at once. But now, Sir, collect all your Reſolution, and prepare to hear the reſt—— *Wronglove* has added one Injury, one Injuſtice more, to thoſe he has already done to *Cælia*— Laſt Night he left a Note with *Lupine*, in which he gave my poor Miſtreſs notice, that he was to be married this very Day, to a young Lady of a great Fortune, by his Father's Command, and ordered her to think no more of him, to provide for her ſelf as ſhe thought fit, and not to trouble him with Meſſages or Letters.

Love. Oh, my Blood boils— It is too much— too much— baſe, wicked— What does this Villain, this ſhameleſs Villain mean? how dares he thus to abuſe me? why has he ſingled out me and my Family, to load thus, with theſe unheard of Wrongs? I will demand his Reaſons, and he ſhall anſwer me. *Meanwell*, he ſhall— Old, as I am, I will demand ſome Reparation.

Mean. Alas, the Injury he has done you is irreparable: He may, perhaps, add the Murder of the Father, to the Diſhonour of the Daughter— Your Age, the Infirmities that attend it— Your Weakneſs——

Love. I muſt be weak indeed, weak and unworthy both, tamely to bear all theſe Indignities. The Law of Nations denies us Juſtice in this Caſe, and gives but poor, poor and unequal Satisfaction for our

our Wrongs: The Law of Nature then requires that I ſhould do my ſelf, my Family, my Name, my Child, immediate Juſtice. My Wrongs ſhall give me Spirit, my Indignation ſhall ſupply my want of Strength; this feeble Arm ſhall be the Miniſter of Heaven's Vengeance, and reach his Heart— Inhumane Monſter!

Mean. Good Sir, dear Maſter, be temperate, tho' you are moſt highly injured, think not this way; or at leaſt, firſt let us haſten and give poor *Cælia* your immediate Aid.

Love. It is true, ſhe wants it much: let us haſten then, and redeem her from this infamous Place immediately, or elſe, perhaps, her Wrongs, her Grief, and Shame, will ſoon deſtroy her.

Mean. Your Coach waits at that Corner, I will order the Fellow to drive with all the haſte he can; ſhe has not been long there, I hope we ſhall arrive in time to ſave her. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *The Temple-Walks.*

Enter Bellamy *and* Wronglove.

Bell. You are very gay.

Wrong. As a Bridegroom ſhould be; you know, I told you I was to be married to-day.

Bell. This very Morning, you ſay.

Wrong. This very Morning— I think this Suit is well enough fancy'd. Hum, hum— Ay, this matrimonial Reflexion does give one a little ſort of Revulſion, a Qualm— Hem!

Bell. And where is this Ceremony to be perform'd?

Wrong. Here, in the Temple-Church, privately, as they call it. I expect the good Company at my Chambers every Minute: There will be my Father, my

my Bride, my Bride's Father, an old Maiden Aunt, and a Sister or two. This is Privacy, *George*—— Well, it will be soon over, and then to my Liberty again.

Bell. You marry to be free?

Wrong. Ay. Then no fond Gentlewoman will ask me, again, that terrible, surfeiting Question, *Will you marry me?* I have curs'd those Words a thousand times.

Bell. Then poor *Cælia* puts on her Weeds.

Wrong. Ay, I shall make a World of Widows, that way, I can tell you.

Bell. One too many, I think, *Tom.*

Wrong. Who is that?

Bell. Cælia.

Wrong. Um— Ay— I will send her a Favour.

Bell. Where is she now?

Wrong. Why, I told you, out yonder— in the Country.

Bell. I hope, she has proper care taken of her; you know her Condition requires it.

Wrong. Why do you always touch this String? It is a very ungrateful Theme, I assure you.

Bell. To me, as well as you. I think, you must have made some Provision, some Settlement for the Maintenance of her, and your Child, on this Occasion of parting with them for ever!

Wrong. Oons, Sir, what is all this to you? If I had sent the Heifer and the Calf too, for a Venture to the *Indies.* How are you concerned in my Affairs?

Bell. Keep your Temper, and I will let you know how I am concerned.

Wrong. Do you think, I will always allow you, Sir, the Liberty of censuring my Conduct?

Bell. This Liberty, Sir, I must take now. Cool your self a little, and give me your Patience, till I have asked you two or three Questions.

Wrong.

Wrong. I am cool, you know very well, *George*; I always received your Rebukes, as the Chastisement of a friendly Hand: but at this time— However, to your Questions.

Bell. I wou'd ask your Opinion, in a Case somewhat like yours with *Cælia*; in some Circumstances very like, in others worse.

Wrong. Well, Sir——

Bell. A vicious young Fellow, like you, corrupted a Gentleman's Daughter of Family and Fortune, under the Protection of his House and Friendship. This, you will allow me, was the highest Breach of Hospitality?

Wrong. Pr'ythee, no more of thy Impertinence.

Bell. You said, you wou'd hear me— And by many solemn Vows and Promises of Marriage, and eternal Fidelity, prevailed on her to leave her Father's House, and run away with him.

Wrong. Matter of Fact, faith!

Bell. She proved with Child; he grew tired; she was fond, and he false. And after this— Now mind me— Without suffering her to make Peace with her Friends, or taking any care for her Support himself; he sent her to be exposed among Prostitutes in a common Brothel. (Here you see the Case differs extremely from yours, you cou'd not be guilty of such a Barbarity.) Yes, he expos'd her in a leud House, as if, from the Baseness of his Heart, he had received Pleasure in that unprovoked Cruelty: He deceived her, by telling her, she was in a Midwife's House, whom he had provided to take care of her.

Wrong. Sir, this is not to be borne; I will not be answerable to you for my Behaviour.

Bell. But you must, Sir, be answerable to me; to me, and to all Mankind; this is a Crime against Society— brutal, and barbarous Action!

Wrong. You are my old Acquaintance, and I will not treat you as your Manners deſerve.

Bell. If I ſhou'd treat you as your Manners deſerve!—— But I will tell you, Sir, what has provoked me to this Warmth: It was a Sight that, ſurely, wou'd have melted any Heart that could be ſenſible of Pity. Not an Hour is paſt, ſince *Cælia*, the poor, unhappy, ſuffering *Cælia*, was ſeen bearing her Burden, your unborn Infant, into a Priſon, the loweſt, vileſt Priſon; a Houſe appointed for the Chaſtiſement of leud and criminal Women, and accompany'd by ſuch. There ſhe muſt periſh, ſhe and her Child muſt periſh ſoon— I came to give you notice, Sir, of this— Does not this concern you? does it not concern me? does it not concern Humanity?

Wrong. Impertinence and Nonſenſe.

Bell. Why did you abuſe me with an idle Untruth? I wou'd not have ſuffer'd her thus to have been loſt: Why did you falſly ſay, you had provided for her in the Country, and by that means ſhut out all Avenues to her Support or Comfort, that no Friend, or Parent, or Acquaintance, might relieve, or ſuccour her, in her Diſtreſs? Whence cou'd procede this unmanly Cruelty? What Devil in the Wantonneſs, in the Luxury of Barbarity and Iniquity cou'd have done more? Unjuſt, falſe Man?

Wrong. Scurrilous and ſilly! take that.

[*Strikes him.*

Bell. I cannot, Sir, without returning it, take it again. [*Returning the Blow.*] [*Both draw.*] And now, now we will try whoſe Cauſe is beſt.

[*People in the Walks interpoſe, and part them.*

Gent. Gentlemen, conſider, Mr. *Wronglove*——

Bell. [*Aſide to* Wronglove.] You ſee we are prevented; I have the Key of the Middle-Temple Garden

Garden in my Pocket; do you go round, I will walk this Way and meet you there immediately.

Wrong. Agreed. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

The End of the Fourth Act.

ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE *A Room poorly furniſh'd.*

Keeper's Wife, and Cælia.

KEEPER'S WIFE.

BUT, Madam, have you no Friends? My Husband has been Keeper here many Years, and I have ſeldom known any one come into our Houſe, without ſome Friend to appear for them.

Cælia. I had, but they are gone, for ever diſoblig'd by my unhappy Conduct.

Keep. Wife. Have you no Relations, Madam?

Cælia. None whom I dare to own, or who wou'd not bluſh to own me.

Keep. Wife. Alas! your Condition requires Help, as well as Pity; ſhall I ſend for any one you know?

Cælia. I have no Friend, Relation, or Acquaintance, indeed, I have none— There was a Gentleman, an old Gentleman, who promiſed to call on me in an Hour, and relieve me, but, I believe, he has ſince thought me not worth preſerving.

Keep. Wife. Dear Madam, try to get a little Reſt, you are not well.

Cælia. I feel my Spirits waste apace; your Charity to a distress'd Creature emboldens me to hope you will be so good to grant me one poor Request.

Keep. Wife. Be assured, of whatever is within my Power, to serve and comfort you.

Cælia. I thank you, you are a Friend; a Friend in greatest need.

Keep. Wife. But, Madam, what is your Request?

Cælia. It is, that you will take this Purse, and when my Eyes are closed, as sure, they will be soon closed in eternal Night——

Keep. Wife. Poor Lady! have better hopes.

Cælia. See me decently laid in Earth, at Night, in a plain Coffin; in the Church of this Parish— Enquire not into my Family, my Name, or Story. And please to accept, and keep this Ring, in Memory of your Charity and Goodness to an unhappy Creature——

Keep. Wife. There is, dear Madam, I am assured; there is something better reserved for you. [*Aside.*] There is in this Gentlewoman so much Goodness, such a Decency and Sweetness of Behaviour, she cannot, surely, deserve to be left thus, forsaken by all.— I will go, Madam, and prepare something to refresh you immediately; you are faint. I will return soon, no Care shall be wanting to preserve you. [*Exit. Scene closes on* Cælia.

SCENE *The Outside of the Prison.*

Lovemore, Meanwell.

Mean. This, Sir, this is the Prison.

Love. Knock, *Meanwell*, and let me enter, this poor afflicted Creature wants our immediate Aid and Comfort.

Mean. Sir, if I might presume to advise— You will pardon me.

Love.

Love. What?

Mean. I think, Sir, it might be better to let me first prepare her to receive you —— her Nature, ever gentle —— her Affection to the most indulgent Parent —— the Reflexion on her Offence — her present Condition —— are all Circumstances that require a tender and a careful Hand.

Love. It is true, thou art right —— a sudden Surprize might oppress at once her Spirits, too weak already to support her long. —— Good *Meanwell*, do thus, 'tis justly thought. —— This I suppose is the Keeper.

Enter Keeper.

Mean. Sir, will you give me leave —— Have you not a young Woman, a Prisoner, in this House?

Keep. A great many, Sir; a great many.

Mean. I would not offend, Sir —— a young Woman, who was brought to-day from Mrs. *Lupine*'s.

Keep. Oh! the whole Family of sage Mother *Lupine* do us the Honour to live here at present.

Mean. The young Gentlewoman I speak of, is sick, and far gone with Child.

Keep. Ay, ay, a very young Creature; she cries, and bemoans herself without ceasing. My Wife took Compassion on her, and has comforted her all she could; or, I think she would have died. She was order'd by their Worships, to be lodged separately, considering her Condition, and that she was not known to be a Practiser.

Love. With your Favour, Sir, we desire to see her.

Keep. No, Sir, no; I will not expose her; she is my Prisoner, and I will not expose her.

Love. How must I do then, Sir?

Keep. I don't know, Sir —— you must get an Order from the Bench, I think.

Love. In the mean time, you will be so good, I dare say you will, to let me speak two or three Words to her; or let this Orator speak for me.

[*Giving him Money.*

Keep. Oh dear Sir! there was no Occasion, you are so much of a Gentleman. —— Please to follow me, Sir; I will shew you into her Room.

SCENE *opens, as they are going out.*

Mean. If you please, Sir, to attend a Minute only, I will give notice when it may be proper for you to appear. [*Exeunt.*

Cælia *discovered in her Chamber, on the Floor.*

My Offence is great, so is my Penitence, so is my Punishment. —— If I should say that I am wrong'd, much wrong'd, and by the Man who ought not to have injur'd me, wou'd my Complaint be thought unjust? Vain, vain is thy complaining; cease to murmur, and know, thou afflicted Creature, all thou dost receive is just.

Enter Meanwell.

Cælia. Charitable *Meanwell*, art thou come ——

Mean. To assist you ——

Cælia. It is too late.

Mean. To raise you up to Happiness.

Cælia. *Meanwell*, thou art my only Friend.

Mean. Have you no other Friend?

Cælia. None, none.

Mean. No nearer Friend?

Cælia.

Cælia. Alas! once I had —— a Mother ——

Mean. A Father, yet alive.

Cælia. Where is he?

Mean. Wou'd you ſee him?

Cælia. I have diſhonour'd him; indeed I am unworthy ——

Mean. Say not ſo, you ſhall ſee him.

Cælia. Shall I?

Mean. Yes —— but let your Heart receive him chearfully; away with your Affliction; in pity to his Grief, forget your own; and give him Hope, that after all her Sufferings, his only, dearest Child, may live to be his Age's Comfort.

Cælia. I will do all I can.

Mean. That is well —— thy Comfort ſhall no longer be delay'd. —— Behold the only Cure of all thy Sorrows!

[Meanwell *goes to the Door, and introduces* Lovemore.

Enter Lovemore.

Cælia. [*Seeing her Father.*] My Father! —— Oh! let me ſink into the Earth, hide, hide me in my Grave —— I cannot bear this Sight.

Lovem. My Child! *Cælia!* —— my lov'd Child! —— Give me thy Hand —— lift up thy Eyes —— It is thy Father's Voice; doſt thou not know it? —— Oh! killing, killing Object; poor, poor *Cælia!* —— Ah! whither art thou reduced! How doſt thou ſuffer for one unhappy Paſſion!

Mean. Forbear, forbear, dear Maſter —— your Words add to her Affliction; gently ſooth her Sorrows; let us raiſe her by degrees; if it pleaſe Heaven, we may reſtore her.

Love. My *Cælia!* My beloved Daughter! My only Joy! My Hope! My Comfort! It is e-

nough, I ſee thee once again. —— Raiſe thy ſelf. Oh! let me raiſe thee from the cold Ground.

[*Raiſing her.*

Cælia. [*Turning away.*] Oh! Sir; I fear it is not in my Power to look upon your Face, and live. —— My Offence! the irreparable Wrong I have done! the Shame I have brought on you, and on your Family! —— Unleſs I cou'd forget my Crime, how can I ſee you!

Love. Thy Offence is loſt, forgotten quite; it never, never ſhall be remember'd more: To recollect thy Error wou'd be as ungenerous, as to reproach thee. This wou'd deprive thee of the Bleſſing of a forgiving Parent, and take from me the Comfort of a repenting Child. Oh, how pale! how wan thou art! how ſick thou look'ſt! Speak, my *Cælia.* How doſt thou?

Cælia. I cannot bear to feel the Tenderneſs, the Bleſſings —— Sure, never was a Father's Heart ſo full of ſweet Indulgence, Love, and Mercy!

Love. Mercy is Heaven's peculiar Attribute; 'tis the ſoft Manna that deſcends and nouriſhes, and keeps us from Deſpair and Death. But let us haſten hence, my Child; I have many things to ſay to thee, to comfort and reſtore thee. Many, many Days of Happineſs ſhalt thou behold. —— Come to my Arms [*Embracing.*] Thus let me cheriſh and relieve thee.

Cælia. My Mother, Sir!

Love. Is happy.

Cælia. In her cold Grave.

Love. She died forgiving thee. *Let her not be loſt*, ſaid ſhe; *forgive her, as I do.*

Cælia. Can I forgive my ſelf? —— Oh! never, never.

Mean. That Thought has thrown her back again.

Cælia.

Cælia. This ſets my Guilt before me in the moſt dreadful Point of Light; ſhe could not bear, her tender Mind cou'd not ſupport the Load of Shame, the Burden of Diſhonour my Guilt occaſioned; and leſs, much leſs cou'd ſhe ſupport the Loſs of all her Comfort, all her Joy in me! What then am I? —— Oh! leave me, Sir, leave me in this uncomfortable Place; here let me feel, Shame, Infamy, Reproach, Labour, Want!

Love. My *Cælia*, theſe ſevere Reflexions on your Conduct, fall where you wou'd not have them: When you hurt your ſelf, I feel it moſt: Oh! for my ſake, and for your own, and for your Child's, forbear. [Cælia *fainting in her Father's Arms.*

Love. Help to ſupport her, *Meanwell*, much I fear, we ſhall not yet be able to recover her. Here, let her repoſe a while.

[*They place her in a Chair.*

Love. At laſt, then, muſt I loſe her? Oh! my bleeding Heart!

Enter Heater.

Heat. Sir, there is a Gentleman without, who deſires to ſpeak with Madam *Cælia*; he ſays his Buſineſs is of great Conſequence, and therefore hopes he ſhall ſee her immediately.

Love. To ſpeak with *Cælia!*

Mean. What can this mean?

Love. From whom?

Heat. I know not, Sir; he ſays it is of moment to her Welfare.

Love. She is unfit to hear, or to attend to any thing; but ſince he ſays, her Welfare is concern'd, admit him.

Enter

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. Madam, you will forgive me that I press thus earnestly to be admitted to you, tho' I knew that Gentleman was here; but, as I think, my Business is of the greatest moment.

Love. You will please, Sir, to let us know ——

Gent. You are acquainted with Mr. *Wronglove*, Madam.

Love. Well, Sir.

Gent. And you know Mr. *Bellamy*.

Love. A worthy Man.

Gent. These two Gentlemen, about an Hour ago, quarrell'd in a Conversation, which, they say, related to Mr. *Wronglove*'s Behaviour towards that Lady; after some hot Words, and Blows receiv'd and given, they fought in the *Temple*-Garden —— *Wronglove fell in the Duel*, and expired in a little time after he received the Wound.

Cælia. What does he say? Oh Heaven! What does he say?

Love. Mr. *Wronglove* ——

Mean. Kill'd by *Bellamy!*

Gent. Kill'd by *Bellamy*. Mr. *Wronglove* was carry'd, immediately after he received his Wound, to his Chamber, where his Father, his Relations, and his Bride were met; for he was to have been married this very Morning. Before he would suffer his Wound to be dress'd, he said, Bellamy *is a Man of Honour; I provoked him to what has happened; I strook him*; and then desiring a Pen and Ink, he wrote this Note, and begg'd of me to deliver it into *Cælia's*, or her Father's Hands.

Lovemore

Lovemore *reads the Note.*

I *Desire that* Cælia, *to whom I am solemnly contracted, and whom I now declare to be my Wife, may have whatever I die possessed of: And I earnestly implore my Father to look on her, and my Child, as my unhappy Relicts. This is all the Reparation I am able to make.*

WRONGLOVE.

Gent. He then dropt his Pen, and a few Moments afterwards expired.

Love. He has paid the Debt. Good Heaven! Shall we not say thy Justice is eternal; tho' our weak mortal Eyes seldom behold it near, so near as this. How dost thou, *Cælia?*

Cælia. As one bewilder'd in a Maze of Woes; Troubles crowd fast upon me, faster far, than my weak Spirits can support or suffer. —— My *Wrongloves*'s sudden Death, as he dy'd mine, repenting, sorrowful, and just at last; whatever I have suffer'd by his unthinking Conduct, Oh! let me drop one Tear upon his Grave.

Love. Thy Piety is just; so was his End: What Reparation he cou'd make, he made. —— Unhappy Youth!

Cælia. Ill-fated and unhappy! —— Wretched Creature! Look round thee, and behold the Waste, the Ruin, the Desolation, thy Crime has caused —— fatal to thy Parents, thy Lover, and thy self.

Love. Forget his ill-tim'd Fate, and think of Comfort.

Mean. Oh, Sir! she is very pale. —— She trembles!

Love.

Love. How is it, my dear Child? How is it, *Cælia?*

Cælia. Alas! I am very faint —— Oh, Sir! —— your Hand.

Love. [*Supporting her.*] My Child!

Cælia. I thank you, Sir, that you have condescended to own me. —— Your Goodness, your Forgiveness makes me hope, I have yet some share in your Affection.

Love. Oh! thy Heart is pure ——

Cælia. Will you —— shall I presume to ask, that you will add one Bounty more to your repenting, dying Child?

Love. All, all within my Power is thine.

Cælia. It is —— that you will lay me in the same Grave with my dear Mother. —— O pardon! pardon! [Cælia *dies.*

Love. My Child! —— Oh! *Cælia!* Oh ——
[*Leaning over her Chair.*

Meanwell *comes forward.*

Mean. Alas! poor Lady! the Tumult of her Soul is done: Horror and Pain, Reproach, Anxiety, and Shame, are fled together. Blush, blush, ye Libertines; survey this dreadful Scene of Woe; and ask your Hearts, if poor unhappy *Cælia* deserv'd this Usage from the Man she lov'd. Cou'd you but feel a Father's Grief, wou'd you not think him wrong'd? He who pleads Custom, vicious Custom, for Crimes like these, renounces all Pretensions to Justice or Humanity.

Then let this Story teach unbridled Youth,
Honour can only be secur'd by Truth.

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